

## THE OMAHA BEE

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THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., PROPRIETORS  
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MR. W. T. STEAD will contribute a paper on Chinese Gordon to the forthcoming Century. Mr. Stead is a personal friend of the eccentric general, and therefore writes with full knowledge.

BOSTON'S favorite son, Professor John Longfellow Sullivan, has probably by his latest drunken fizzle forfeited all chances of having the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by Harvard college.

BUFFALO BILL will have to send west for recruits for his Indian show. One of his Indians recently died in New York and another has been accidentally shot in Trenton, his injuries being fatal. Thus, one by one, the noble redmen are passing away.

Trail halts and lobbies of all the principal Chicago hotels have been liberally decorated with lithographic pictures of Roosevelt P. Flower. After the convention they will be sold to Forepaugh to advertise the circus. Flower and Forepaugh look like twin brothers.

The Current will shortly present a paper from the pen of W. H. French, of New York, on "The Associated Press," which, as so little is generally known concerning the workings of this powerful factor in newspaper service, will undoubtedly be received with much interest.

AMERICAN tourists have abandoned the continental tour this season on account of the cholera in France, and have contented to confine their travels to the British islands. The inn-keepers of Scotland and Ireland are consequently reaping an unexpected harvest, while the proprietors of the watering-place hotels in the north of Italy, are complaining of their lack of patronage. It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good.

The city council has laid out work enough to keep every unemployed man in town busy until November. If any healthy laboring man now wants work he will have no trouble in getting it. The work laid out, and for which contracts have been let, will—with the incidental grading that will have to be done by property owners in order to conform to the changes that will take place in the streets adjacent to their property—amount to over \$200,000. This money will employ 1,500 men at an average of \$50 per month for nearly three months.

The nomination of James G. Blaine has opened a new industry. A Maine man has applied for letters-patent for the manufacture of plumes from wood fiber and other fluff materials which can be cheaply made, and, at the same time, are very ornamental and durable. He claims to be able to produce a plume eighteen or twenty inches in length that can be sold for 50 or 75 cents, which, for campaign or street parade purposes, is as good as a \$5 feather. As the plume is the emblem in the campaign for the "plumed knight," the demand must be large for that purpose.

The Iowa state law, which for several years has been held at Des Moines, will probably be located elsewhere this year. The trouble is that Des Moines has been called on to raise fifty thousand dollars as a bonus for the retention of the fair. The citizens of Des Moines have only subscribed twenty thousand dollars, and don't feel like raising any more. Other towns, much smaller than Des Moines, are anxious to pay \$50,000 for the permanent location of the Iowa state fair, and will do so in twenty-four hours if the opportunity is given them. Among these towns are Marshalltown, Cedar Rapids and Oskaloosa.

Under the terms of the bill providing for a soldiers' home in the west, that institution is to be located at some suitable point either in Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado or Arkansas, the grounds to embrace 320 acres. The sum of \$250,000 is appropriated for the buildings and improvement of the grounds. The home is intended for all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors. The board of managers shall locate the home within three months after the approval of the act, if possible, and within six months thereafter begin the erection of the buildings. We should like to see the home located either in Iowa or Nebraska, and we believe that one of these two states can, if the proper effort is made, secure the prize. The Iowa legislature at its last session appropriated \$50,000 as an inducement to locate the home in that state. We hope that the leading citizens of Omaha will make some effort to secure the home. Its location at this point would no doubt prove quite satisfactory, owing to its being a railroad center, easily reached from all the states named in the bill.

## STARVING INDIANS.

The Northern Cheyenne Indians, temporarily located on the Tongue and Rosebud rivers, are in a starving condition. Their rations have been exhausted, and they are killing the range cattle in large numbers to keep themselves alive. There are about nine hundred of these Indians, and the cattle men threaten to resort to arms unless they are immediately removed by the government. The citizens of eastern Montana, through a committee, have telegraphed Secretary Teller urging the removal of the Indians. Unless something is done at once serious trouble with the Indians may be expected, as they are reported as being ugly and independent. They are said to be renegade Indians from Pine Ridge agency. The government is responsible for the situation, in not preventing the Cheyennes from leaving their agency where they could have obtained an abundance of food. They have probably gone off on a buffalo hunt, and not finding any buffalo they have gone to killing cattle. The cattle-owners of course cannot be blamed for protecting their property. This brings up an interesting point in the case of Indians. The time has passed for them to subsist by hunting, as the buffalo and all other kinds of game have become too scarce. A few years ago, however, game was so abundant as to render the Indians independent of government rations. Now, however, they would starve to death were it not for the food that is supplied to them by the government at the different agencies. It is true that at some of the agencies the supplies have been short; and the Indians have suffered for want of food. This deficiency has occurred mainly at agencies located at great distances from the channels of transportation, thus making it difficult to furnish supplies promptly and in sufficient quantities. This defect in the system of providing for the Indians can and ought to be remedied. Now that the Indians can no longer find any game, and have from time to time given up their claims to vast tracts of land, they ought to be properly cared for by the government.

Besides feeding the Indians the government should proceed to solve the Indian problem by civilizing them. They should be taught the art of agriculture, and cattle raising, and other industrial pursuits, so that they may be made self sustaining. This plan is being partially carried out with success at some of the agencies, and there is no reason why every tribe of Indians in this country should not, with proper assistance, become farmers and cattle raisers, and intelligent prosperous citizens, with all the rights and privileges of the white man. They are for the most part, naturally intelligent and quick to learn, and when given an opportunity to earn their livelihood have been found to be industrious.

UNION PACIFIC RETRENCHMENT.

THE BEE does not presume to dictate to the high officials of the Union Pacific what they must do in order to cut down expenses, but it does seem strange for them to discharge a large number of men from the mechanical department when scores of men who are mere political hangers-on and leeches are allowed to continue on the pay-roll. If there is to be retrenchment it ought to begin at the top with the high-salaried men and supernumeraries. We can name from 25 to 30 men in this city who are simply in the employ of the company for political service. They come and go as they please. Some are gentlemen of leisure, who stand in the shade on the principal street corners beneath the awning, and "watch the corners" for the Union Pacific. Others attend primaries and conventions. Some sing in glee clubs and go all over the state at the expense of the Union Pacific stockholders. Others are detailed to keep an eye on the city council. Men have been carried on the pay-rolls under all sorts of pretenses, and we understand that some of the "big guns" have been drawing double pay. President Adams and his assistant, Mr. Calloway, no doubt thoroughly investigate all these matters, and dispense with the supernumeraries. It is the supernumerary crowd that is afraid of the coming "shaking up" in and around the Union Pacific headquarters, about which there has been so much talk. No employee whose services are actually needed, and who really earns his salary, need be at all alarmed about losing his position. The political pensioners are the ones who will have to go.

The veto of the Fitz John Porter bill is not made on the merits of the bill or the claim to restoration, but it is made upon technical and constitutional grounds alone. The legislative branch of the government cannot direct the executive to appoint any particular person to a position in the army any more than it can dictate the appointment of any particular person to a place in the civil service. Viewed from this standpoint there is no doubt that the bill was in conflict with the prerogative which the constitution confers upon the president of the United States who has the sole power of appointment by and with the advice and consent of the senate. The Fitz John Porter bill was in the nature of a dictate issued by the two houses to re-appoint Porter to a brigadier-generalship in the army with a proviso that he be retired. That proviso alone did not alter the fact that this mandate of the national legislature was not in accord with the constitution. Of course the great body of the republican party will highly applaud the veto as a just rebuke, and some will go so far as to say that it is a triumphant vindication of General Logan's position.

The action of the house in inserting in the sundry civil bill several sections changing the existing law touching the expenses of the United States courts as to abolish the present fee system and fixing salaries for marshals, district attorneys and clerks, aroused the interested officials to take steps towards the prevention of the adoption of the new system. Many of the officers went to Washington to make a vigorous protest, and they have succeeded in their efforts. The provision for salaries has been scratched out but the house will probably not accept the action of the senate committee.

WASHINGTON is the head-center of the great army of claim agents of every variety. Their principal business, however, is the working up of pension claims. In order to save postage they have adopted the plan of publishing monthly newspapers, which they can send through the mails at a trifling cost. In these publications they inform the poor soldier that they will attend to the procuring of testimony, doctor's certificates, and all other necessary requirements for the securing of pensions, and many of them no doubt will even go so far as to manufacture claims.

EX-GOVERNOR PALMER distinguished himself at the Illinois state democratic convention. He said that if he had the power of Him who said "Lazarus, come forth," he would say "Samuel J. Tilden, come forth." Governor Palmer's reference to Tilden as the second Lazarus, will probably not please the old man quite as much as the complimentary allusion to him by Chairman Oberly as "the second Jefferson."

THE story that ill health has decided S. H. H. Clark to resign the general management of the Union Pacific was received to-day, and supplemented by the story that the place had been tendered "Tom" Potter, of the Burlington, with a stupendous salary.—New York Special.

There is no foundation for the above story. So far as Mr. Clark's health is concerned, that gentleman is daily seen on the streets of Omaha in apparently better health than he has had for years.

THE Fourth of July will be celebrated by the United States senate in listening to Gen. McCook, secretary of the senate, read the declaration of American independence and Washington's farewell address. We would suggest that Sam. Tilden's farewell address be included in the programme. In all probability Gen. McCook will have an audience of empty benches.

"READY-MADE" political matter for the coming campaign is now being offered to the country press in any style and any quantity, by the manufacturers of newspaper stereotype plates. These plates will save considerable wear and tear of the country editor's brain, and at the same time he will receive more credit for originality than he would if he should write his own political articles.

HENDRICKS thinks he would like to die when Tilden does.—Kansas City Journal.

No, he does not. If the "old ticket" is nominated, he would like to survive Mr. Tilden.

THE Fourth of July is a great day for our spread-eagle orators.

A BIG DENTAL BILL.

Seven Thousand Dollars for Three Days' Work.

New York Special, July 1.

An extraordinary dental bill has just come to light. About two weeks before Gen. Blaine, President of Vermont, left here for home, his wife and two daughters visited a dentist in east Ninth street for the purpose of having their teeth fixed. The dentist was employed three days on the work, and sent in a bill for \$7,000. The General thought a mistake had been made and sent the bill back with a polite and friendly note asking if one either too many had not been added by mistake. He received a reply that no mistake had been made in the bill, and a request that could not be construed as otherwise than immediate payment was added. Gen. Blaine consulted his legal advisors and by their advice refused to pay the bill. It is said that he offered \$10,000 in settlement but the offer was refused. As he was forced to leave the United States and return to Vermont he left a large sum in the hands of a mercantile firm in Pearl street, with instructions to settle the matter fairly and amicably if possible, and if not, to let the courts decide as to the merits of the transaction.

Character in the Mustache.

"As a rule," says a lady reader of men, "I have a high opinion of the man who wears a mustache. Of course, there are noodleheads, who are proud of their mustache, but they are not the ones I endorse, and they really do bring the mustache into disrepute. There are few faces which are not improved by a carefully cultivated mustache, and I think when a mustache signifies anything at all it is something creditable. Of course, there are mustaches which are as devoid of expression as the moss on a dead log, and I don't mean that every mustache is an advocate for its wearer, but most are. Some men's faces remind me of a royal Bengal tiger, and all such are very wise to wear a mustache, which they usually can do. The stiff, brusque military mustache always adds dignity to its possessor, and the man who wears an iron gray mustache should be, I think, an object of envy to his set. The mustache brushed back and up I don't like. It makes a man look too flippant. The mustache clipped even with the lips gives the man a sinister air. The extravagantly long mustache is a sure indication of inordinate vanity, and the pointed mustache is an exhibition of pitiful weakness or painful snobbery. The most interesting mustache is the young man's first, and the most delightful is the silky mustache of the young man of twenty-five."

Lowell Celebrating Boyne Battle.

Lowell, July 2.—Minister Lowell will give a dinner July 13th in place of July 4th.

## BANNERS PUT UP TO WIN.

What the Busy Campaign Outfit Man is Getting Ready.

How Old Feather Dusters, Tin Kettles and Other Traps are Used to Decide the Political Fate of the Nation.

New York Journal.

"Bring all the old feather dusters and false hair you can get. We will give a fair price for it."

"All right, sir. And those broken kettles—do you want them?"

"Yes, sir, bring some tin trays, also."

A big man with a fierce red mustache stood in a large room in a Park place building surrounded by great bundles of lithographs, piles of worn costumes glittering with tarnished tinsel, pots of different colored paint and a mass of feather dusters and badly worn tin kettles.

"One-half of the political campaign has opened with a hurrah," he said to a Journal reporter. "The demand for costumes promises to be immense, and orders from all parts of the country begin to come in."

Here is one from the 'Anti-Peruvian Hurrah-For Jim Blaine-Club,' of Sheboygan, Michigan. They want 200 helmets with white plumes and shields to match. The plumes are manufactured mostly from feather dusters, the helmets from old kettles and pots tattooed with gaudy colors and the shields with the initials of Graystone thrown in.

"I have been here yesterday suggested that the letters stood for 'Jim's Grand Boume' and 'Jack Gets Beaten,' but the republicans don't seem to feel much apprehension about the initials."

"Now, here is an order from Peoria, Ill., for 100 black ones. That's Jack Logan's national bird, you know, and they go heavy on the brunette warrior out that way."

"Where do you get so many eagles?" asked the reporter.

"Don't get them at all. Roosters do just as well. There's no money painting Logan's handsome portrait on a picture, though. You see it takes so much black paint for that cloud of a mustache that the profit is all absorbed. The paint required for one of Logan's mustaches would make a life size picture of Uncle Sam's Tilden, with a bird's-eye view of Graystone thrown in."

"Is there any demand for crows?"

"Hardly time for that yet, but before the struggle is over we expect a great rush for ravens. We have several stuffed crows in stock now. George William Curtis came in the other day and glanced at them and said, 'Oh, what a pretty bird! Is it an eagle? That makes me think that the independents will use a great many of the black croakers soon, and content themselves with the thought that they are buying young eagles. A well-known democrat yesterday asked me to hang a crow on his mantel, and several letters pointed on the canvas addressed to 'Phillip Mulligan,' and showing the signature of 'J. G. B.' He thought it would prove a good card against Maine statesman. We manufacture any motto that will pay, and there's no danger of our being outwitted. Our designs are now at work sketching apple-trees, guano-birds, Peruvian pills and other emblematic features of the campaign. A red-hot Logan man writes me from Egypt to get up a banner showing Black Jack hopping around on crutches with both legs bent off and a request to represent in the rear throwing a thousand shells a minute at him. He thinks it will catch the soldier vote every time."

"Is there any call for ensigns of the democratic possible candidates?"

"Not as much as there will be after the nomination. Some political enemies of Grover Cleveland have sent me a design of the governor shaped like a beer keg and with a spigot running beer from his body. They assert that Grover drinks beer, and that the prohibitionists would scalp him when they observed this convincing evidence of it. It is really a good design, and I have no doubt of its representing a poor man walking home from the Battery to Two Hundred and Thirty-second street through mud and rain, and an inscription saying: 'I only have six cents. If Cleveland had vetoed the five-cent fare bill I could ride home and buy a loaf of bread. It is calculated that this will lose Cleveland thousands of votes in this city if he should get the nomination."

"But the star attraction is the oblique optical of Ben Butler. From all over the country we are receiving orders for pictures of Ben and for appropriate costumes for Butler clubs. One good design is a picture of the Tewksbury almshouse, with the inmates dragging out a bare existence on baked beans and brown bread. Underneath is the inscription, 'Vote for Butler and we will have pie for breakfast.' They will catch the great floating vote, not exactly the independent vote, but the men who float around the back doors of beer saloons carrying oysters under their coats and who reside at Tewksbury and other popular boarding houses during the cold winter months."

"One great feature of Butler's portraits is their cheapness. Here is a banner made to hang across the main street of Haverhill, Mass. It will not only be visible on that thoroughfare, but owing to the peculiarity of the off eye, it will look down several other streets at the same time, and people won't know but what there are half a dozen portraits hanging around. The spoon will also play a prominent part in the campaign if Ben secures several more nominations. Spoons will be fastened upon the caps of the members of Butler clubs, and it is no doubt that the sign will become so popular that George Frisbie Hoar and other blue-blooded and frigid Bostonians will be compelled to eat soup with a fork."

"A Young Men's republican club, of Chillicothe, Ohio, have written me for fifty transparencies of a skeleton sitting on a barrel. They will parade with them and assert that 'this is Sammy Tilden at his fighting-weight, 37 lbs.'"

As the reporter left the boss yelled to a clerk:

"Hurry up that picture of Sam Randall setting fire to his father's barn, and don't forget that order from Cincinnati of Hooley assaulting and robbing a poor widow on the highway."

When Abe Buford Scalped a Man.

Nashville World.

In the spring of 1854 or 1855 I ran up to Lexington to attend the races at the center of Elder's garden, and of course General Abe and Colonel Tom Buford were there with their invincible thoroughbreds. Colonel Tom, from a sudden quarrel that grew out of the excitement of the race course one afternoon, played a duel on pistols with an adversary, whose name I cannot now recall.

General Abe, his brother, and I were standing about forty or fifty feet off when the fusillade began, and remained apparently unconcerned, for though his brother was hotly engaged, the old hero was willing, according to the rules of Kentucky chivalry, to see a fair fight and let the best man win. Colonel Tom struck his adversary once or twice in several shots, not seriously wounding him. When all the chambers of his enemy's pistol were emptied a friend who stood near, and not having the fear of brother Abe before his eyes, ran up and thrust a fresh weapon into the hands of Tom Buford's assailant. General Abe, believing too firmly in "fair play" to thus permit two men to combine against one, and that one "brother Tom," at once jerked out a knife of glittering blade and made a rush for the too busy intruder. More quickly than it takes to tell it, General Abe with one hand had seized the poor fellow by the hair, and like a flash of lightning and with the dexterity of an Indian, made a circular incision on the crown of his head, and, giving the scalp a sudden twist, lifted off as neat a scalp as one would undergo a day's ride to see.

"Now, d—n you," said General Abe, as he coolly tossed his Indian trophy to one side and released his victim—"now go, d—n you! I guess you're a restorative won't bring out the wool on your head again soon." The frightened fellow, never having experienced that kind of warfare, gathered his head in both hands and ran off yelling as if Captain Jack and all the Modocs were closing upon his heels. I was horrified at the barbaric deed, but I had ever seen taken—and riding home next evening I asked General Buford how he could do such a barbarous thing.

"He ought to have attended to his own business," he replied: "I was willing, though my brother was engaged, to keep hands off as long as I could, but when he ran up and handed his friend a pistol to kill Tom with I would have been justified in killing him."

Philosophy in Tatters.

Boston Globe.

"Will you loan me enough to pay for a lodging, sir?"

"The speaker was gray-haired, and bent with age, but an air of respectability—very faded to be sure—still clung to him."

"What will be the result if I do?" queried the writer.

"The result! Ah! yes, the result," said the old man, reflectively. "The world measures everything by results. Forty years ago I had as good prospects as any young man could wish, and I'm a servant now! What was the cause of my downfall? Well, I was a perfect legitimate business enterprise, how did it go into it hastily, either. For that matter it makes no difference how carefully a man may weigh a venture before embarking in it. If it prove unsuccessful he is, in the eyes of the world, a fool. Yet he stands before fortune, his head thrust in his face, and says, 'I don't care! I'm the world's estimate. I discover in him qualities before unobserved—shrewdness, ability, brilliancy.'"

"What have you to say about application?" asked the writer, struck by the old man's evident intelligence.

"It often succeeds, doubtless," he replied, "but the world only looks at the results it achieves. Let a man stay year after year in a position, and not be successful, what does the world say? It says: 'He's a plodder. If he has a particle of push or enterprise he might have made something.' If he succeeds, the world takes especial pleasure in lauding the very traits that it otherwise, at best, damns with the faintest kind of praise. If it is successful it is highly commendable perseverance; if unsuccessful, pig-headedness, stupidity or lack of enterprise."

"If a man branches out for himself, goes west or elsewhere, and succeeds, as thousands have done, the world praises him. It says: 'He was not satisfied to move along, year after year, in the same groove, the same rut; he had enterprise. If he fails, what does it say? Poor fool! A rolling stone! He had staid where he was, he would have done all right.'"

"The same line of argument applies to the smaller affairs of life. Let a man bet on a horse race and win, the majority of the world smiles approvingly, at all events, does not severely censure. He loses it can not find words strong enough to condemn; he is a gambler, a prodigal, an ass!"

"But as—ah! thanks, thanks! that will pay for my breakfast, too—as an Italian epigram says: 'It is only a fool who would expect the wind to be always blowing from the same point of the compass.' I hope some day to be able to repay you, sir. Good-night!" and, touching his time-worn tie politely, the old man moved slowly away.

Subsequent inquiry revealed the fact that the aged philosopher spoke the truth—certainly as far as his own experience was concerned.

A Minister and a Wasp.

"Oh, but haven't we had a good time to-day!" exclaimed a young lady to some of her companions as they settled down in about fifteen seats, with one young man and a maiden to each seat, and one or two disconsolate young men left over, as is the rule with picnic parties. "I don't care if it was a Sunday school picnic, I've had one of the best times. Say, Charley, what's that on your pantaloons? You must have been sitting down on the pie. Say, Mary, were you with us when—[outbreak of laughter.]—when the minister—"

Another outbreak of laughter. The minister knelt down to ask a blessing on our lunch there by the big tree, the one that here opened the third laughing fit, and the first pause for breath. Mary improved the opportunity by replying that she was not there, wherever it was, and to inquire who he was. "Thank Thee, Lord, in the name of Thy son Jesus Christ," but no sooner had he said this than he jumped about five feet up in the air. You ought to have heard the way he spoke the last two words. "He just yelled 'out' as if he was swearing. It was shocking, and we girls started to run away, when Jimmy Johnson came and told us what the matter was." "And what was it?" Well, just as the minister reached the 'Je—' a horrid wasp bit him right through his pants."

An Obstinate Lot of Juries.

New York Sun.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I was on a jury once out in Indiana, and we were in the jury room ten days."

"What was the case?"

"Murder."

"What was the trouble? Couldn't you agree on a verdict?"

"Now I wanted the man hung, and the others didn't. And do you know I argued with them 'seven men ten straight days, and then I couldn't make 'em agree with me. Men who won't listen to reason ain't fit to serve on a jury."

THAT you are bothered nearly to death with rheumatic twinges or the pangs of neuralgia is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Experiment with a good medicine. Try Thomas' Electric Oil. Recollect it is GUARANTEED by every druggist. Neuralgia and Rheumatism never stood before it.

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MIDDLE AGED MEN—Many men between the ages of 30 and 40, are troubled with a too frequent desire to evacuate the bladder, often accompanied by a slight burning and burning sensation, and a weakening of the system, in a manner that the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin, milky hue, again changing to a dark and turbid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause. It is the second stage of seminal weakness. Dr. Tanner will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the Genito-urinary Organs. Call or address as above, Dr. Tanner.

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